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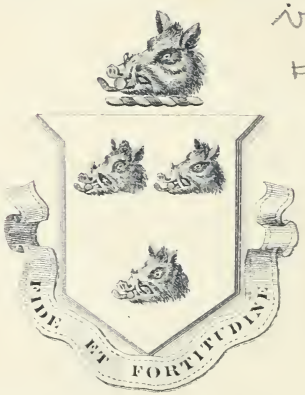

Thomas Bernard Barton.

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THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy.

AT LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe in Saint *Dunſtons* Church yeard in Fleetſtreet. Vnder the Diall, 1611.

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The Tragedie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Bernardo, and Franciſco, two Centinels.

Bar. VVHoſe there?
Fran. Nay anſwer me. Stand and vnfold your ſelfe.
Bar. Long liue the King.
Fran. *Barnardo.*
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre,
Bar. Tis now ſtrooke twelue, get thee to bed *Franciſco.*
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.
Bar. Haue you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riuals of my watch, bid them make haſt.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them, ſtand ho, who is there?
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leegemen to the Dane,
Fran. Giue you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honeſt ſouldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*,
Bar. Say what is *Horatio* there?
Hora. A peece of him,
Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,
Hora. What ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but a fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
Hee may approue our eyes and speake to it.
Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe awhile,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What wee haue two nights seene.
Hora. Well sit wee downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The Bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off looke where it comes againe,
Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Mar. Thou art a Scholler speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. Most like, it horrowes me with feare & wonder.
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.
Hora. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: by heauen I charge the speake.
Mar. It is offended.
Bar. See it staukes away.

Hora. Stay, speake, speake I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Ma. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more then phantasie?
What thinke you of it?

Hora. Before my God I might not this beleeue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Isit not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thy selfe:
Such was the very Armor hee had on,
When hee the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownde hee once when in an angry parle
Hee smote the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before and iump at this dead houre,
With Martiall stauke hath hee gone by our watch.

Hora. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me hee that knowes,
Why this same strict and most obseruant watch
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might bee toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hora. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so, our last King,
Whose image euen but now appea'd to vs,
Was as you know by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by law and Heraldry

Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which hee stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moity competent
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had hee beene vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the articles designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimproued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawlesse resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomake in't, which no other
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast and romeage in the land.

Bar. I thinke it be no other but euen so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King
That was and is the question of these warres.

Hora. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Romane streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of bloud
Disasters in the Sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And euen the like precurse of fearce euents
As harbingers preceading still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost.

But ſoft, behold, lo where it comes againe
Ile croſſe it though it blaſt mee: ſtay illuſion, *It ſpreads*
If thou haſt any ſound or vſe of voice, *his armes.*
Speake to mee, if there be any good thing to bee done
That may to thee doe eaſe and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy contryes fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd,
O ſpeake:
Or if thou haſt vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the wombe of earth,
For which they ſay your ſpirits oft walke in death. *The Cocke*
Speake of it, ſtay and ſpeake, ſtop it *Marcellus.* *crowes.*
Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?
Hor. Doe if it will not ſtand.
Bar. Tis heere.
Hor. Tis heere.
Mar. Tis gone,
We doe it wrong being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhowe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Bar. It was about to ſpeake when the cock crew:
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull ſummons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill ſounding throate
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or ayre,
Th'extrauagant and erring ſpirit hyes
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This preſent obiect made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some ſay that euer gainſt that ſeaſon comes,
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long,
And then they ſay no ſpirit dare ſturre abroade
The nights are wholſome, then no plannets ſtrike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

So hallowed and so gratious is that time.
Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part beleeue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
Breake wee our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what wee haue seen to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent wee shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues fitting our duety.
Mar. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know
Where wee shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet cum Aliis.

Claud. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death
The memory bee greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe and our whole kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That wee with wisest sorrow thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue wee as twere with a defeated ioy
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in mariage,
In equall scale waighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue wee herein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you know yong *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to bee disioynt, and out of frame
Colegued with this dreame of his aduantage
Hee hath not faild to pester vs with message

Importing

Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law
To our moſt valiant brother, ſo much for him:
Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the buſines is, we haue here writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbraſſe*
Who impotent and bedred ſcarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe; to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect, and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſines with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe delated articles allow:
Farwell, and let your haſt commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we ſhow our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of ſome ſute, what iſt *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeake of reaſon to the Dane
And loſe your voyce; what would'ſt thou begge *Laertes?*
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more native to the heart
The hand more inſtrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes?*

Lar. My dread Lord.
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To ſhow my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what ſaies *Polonius?*

Polo. He hath my Lord wrung from me my ſlow leaue
By labourſome petition, and at laſt
Vpon his will I ſeald my hard conſent,

I doe beſeech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my ſonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.

King. How is it that the clowdes ſtill hang on you.

Ham. Not ſo much my Lord, I am too much in the ſonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble Father in the duſt,
Thou know'ſt tis common all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Maddam, it is common.

Quee. If it bee
Why ſeemes it ſo perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not ſeemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake could ſmother,
Nor cuſtomary ſutes of ſolemne black,
Nor windie ſuſpiration of forſt breath,
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,
Nor the deiected hauior of the vilage,
Together with all formes, moodes, ſhapes of griefe
That can deuote me truely, theſe indeed ſeeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I haue that within which paſſes ſhowe,
Theſe but the trappings and the ſuites of woe.

King. Tis ſweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father,
But you muſt know your father loſt a father,
That father loſt, loſt his, and the ſuruiuer bound
In filliall obligation for ſome tearme
To doe obſequious ſorrowes, but to perſeuer
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubborneſſe, tis vnmanly griefe,
It ſhowes a will moſt incorrect to heauen,
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient,
An vnderſtanding ſimple and vnſchoold,
For what we know muſt be, and is as common

As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeniſh oppoſition
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theame
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed
From the firſt courſe, till he that dyed to day
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the moſt imediate to our throne,
And with no leſſe nobility of loue
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,
In going back to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrogard to our deſire,
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, coſin, and our ſonne.

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Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the clowdes ſhall tell.
And the Kings rowſe the heauen ſhall brute againe,
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florish. Exeunt all*

Ham. O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, *but Hamlet.*
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dew,
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt
His cannon gainſt ſeale ſlaughter, ò God, God,
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seeme to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden,
That growes to ſeed, things ranck and groſe in nature,
Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

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Poſſeſſe it meerely that it ſhould come thus

But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satire, so louing to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visit her face too roughly: heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month. Or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers body
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married Oh! most wicked speed; to post
With such dexterity to incestious sheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, *Marcellus and Bernardo.*

Hora. Haile to your Lordshippe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my (selfe.
Hora. the same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you.
And what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio?
Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.
Ham. I would not heare your enemie say so,
Nor shall you do my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hora.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I prethee doe not mocke me fellow student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio.*
My father me thinkes I see my father.
Hora. Where my Lord?
Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Hora. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hora. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Ham. Saw, who?
Hora. My Lord the King your father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hora. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare till I may deliuer
Vpon the witnesse of these gentlemen
This maruaile to you.
Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?
Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Cap apea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their oppressed and feare surprised eyes,
Within this tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me,
In dreadfull secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time,
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparision comes: I knew your father,

Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where wee watcht,

Ham Did you not ſpeake to it?

Nora. My Lord I did,

But anſwer made it none, yet once mee thought
It lifted vp it head and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then then the morning Cock crew loude,
And at the ſound it ſhruncke in haſt away
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. Tis very ſtrange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And wee did thinke it writ downe in our duety
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeede ſirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. Wee doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd ſay you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foott.

Ham Then ſaw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, hee wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't hee frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Moſt conſtantly,

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, ſtaid it long?

Hora. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hundreth,

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I ſaw't.

Ham. His beard was griſs'ld, no.

Hora. It was as I haue ſeene it in his life.
A ſable ſiluer'd.

Ham.

Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance twill walke againe.
Hora. I warn't it will
Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid mee hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what what soeuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so fare you well:
Vpon the platforme twixt a leauen and twelue
Ile visit you.
All Our duety to your homor. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loues as mine to you, farewell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, foule deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes, *Exit,*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his Sister.

Laer. My necessaries are inbarckt, farewell,
And sister as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant do not sleepe
But let me heare from you.
Ophe. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet* and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more.
Ophe. No more but so.
Laer Thinke it no more.
For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the mind soule
Growes wide withall, perhaps hee loues you now,
Ane now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,

His greatnes waid, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed persons doe,
Craue for himselfe, for on his choise depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscrib'd,
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleeue it
As he in his particuler act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chast treasure open,
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
„The chariest maide is prodigall enough
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone
„Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
„The canker gaules the infant of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels though none else neare.

Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,
Show me the steepe and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a pust, and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads,
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laer. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,

The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaied for, there my bleſſing with thee,
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act,
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Thoſe friends thou haſt and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy ſoule with hoopes of ſteele,
But do not dull thy palme with entertainement
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage; beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but beeing in,
Bear't that th'oppoſer may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thy eare, but few thy voyce,
Take each mans cenſure, but reſerue thy iudgement,
Coſtly thy habite as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man:
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Ar of a moſt ſelect and generous, cheefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looſes both it ſelfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne ſelfe be true
And it muſt follow as the night the day
Thou canſt not then bee falſe to any man:
Farewell, my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leaue my Lord.

Pol. The time inueſts you, goe, your ſeruants tend,

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.

Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.

Laer. Farewell *Exit. Laertes.*

Pol. what iſt *Ophelia* hee hath ſaid to you?

Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the Lord *Hamlet.*

Pol. Marry well bethought
Tis told me hee hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bountio^e,

If it be ſo,as ſo tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely
As it behooues my daughter and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth.
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection,puh,you ſpeake like a greene girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perrilous circumſtance,
Doe you beleiue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I doe not know my Lord what I ſhould thinke.
Pol. Marry I will teach you,thinke your ſelfe a babie,
That you haue tane theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling:tender your ſelfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phraſe)
Wrong it thus, youle tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with loue
In honorable faſhion.
Pol. I,faſhion you may call it,go to,go to.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech
My Lord,with almoſt all the holy vowes of heauen.
Pol. I,ſprings to catch wood-cocks,I doe know
When the blood burnes,how prodigall the ſoule
Lends the tongue vowes,theſe blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate,extinct in both
Euen in their promiſe,as it is a making
You muſt not tak't for fire: from this time
Be ſome-thing ſcanter of your maiden preſence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleiue ſo much in him,that he is young,
And with a larger teder may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in few *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleiue his vowes,for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inueſtments ſhow
But meere implorators of vnholy ſuites,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine termes from this time foorth

Haue you ſo ſlaunder any moments leaſure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The ayre bites ſhroudly, it is very colde.
Hora. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hour now?
Hora. I thinke it lackes of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke
Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the ſeaſon.
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walke *A Floriſh of trum-*
What does this meane my Lord? *pets and 2. peeces goes off.*
Ham. The King doth walke to night and takes his rowſe,
Keepes waſſell and the ſwaggring vp-ſpring reeles:
And as he draines his draſts of Renniſh downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hora. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt,
But to my mind, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a cuſtome
More honourd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
This heauy-headed reuelle Eaſt and Weſt
Makes vs tradu'cd and taxed of other Nations,
They clip vs drunkards and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soyle our addition, and indeed it takes
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marow of our attribute,
So oft it chances in particuler men,
That for ſome vitious mole of nature in them
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,
(Sinc nature cannot chooſe his origen)
By their ore-grow'th of ſome complexion
Oft breaking downe the Pales and Forts of reaſon,
Or by ſome habite that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plauſiue manners, that theſe men
Carrying I ſay the ſtamp of one defect

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes ſtarre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eaſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt
To his owne ſcandall,

Enter Ghoſt.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Miniſters of grace defend vs!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ò anſwere mee,
Let mee not burſt in ignorance, but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearſed in death
Haue burſt their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein wee ſaw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corſe, againe in compleat ſteele
Reuiſites thus the glimſes of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our ſoules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what ſhould wee doe? *Beckons.*

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not ſpeake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what ſhould bee the feare,
I doe not ſet my life at a pinnes fee,

And for my ſoule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile follow it.
Hora. What if it tempt you towards the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull ſommet of the cleefe
That bettels ore his baſe into the ſea,
And there aſſume ſome other horrible forme
Which might depriue your ſoueraignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of deſperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes ſo many fadoms to the ſea
And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me ſtill,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord,
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hora. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty artyre in this body
As hardy as the Nemean Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me,
I ſay away, goe one, Ile follow thee. *Exit Ghoſt and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hora. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmarke.
Hora. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, ſpeake, Ile goe no further.
Ghoſt. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghoſt. My houre is almoſt come
When I to ſulphrous and tormenting flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alaſſe poore Ghoſt,

Ghoſt. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
to what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake I am bound to here,
Ghoſt. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy fathers ſpirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night,
And for the day confind to faſt in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dates of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale vnfolde whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine:
But this eternall blazon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and blood, liſt, liſt, O liſt,
If thou did'ſt euer thy deare father loue.
Ham. O God.
Ghoſt. Reuenge his foule, and moſt vnnaturall murther.
Ham. Murther.
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is,
But this moſt foule, ſtrange and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſt me to know't, that I with wings as ſwift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue
May ſweepe to my reuenge.
Ghoſt I find thee apt,
And duller ſhouldeſt thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it ſelfe in eaſe on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would ſt thou not ſturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis giuen out, that ſleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me, ſo the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankely abuſed: but know thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my prophetike ſoule! my Vncle:

Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to ſeduce; wonne to his ſhamfull luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whoſe loue was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vpon a wretch whoſe natutall gifts were poore,
To thoſe of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be moued,
Though lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt.
Will ſort it ſelfe in a celeſtiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But ſoft, me thinkes I ſcent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; ſleeping within my Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my ſecure houre, thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure,
The leaprous diſtilment, whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quickſiluer it courſes through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſeſſe
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholſome blood; ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter barkt about
Moſt Lazerlike with vile and lothſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once diſpatcht,
Cut off euen in the bloſſomes of my ſinne,
Vnnuzled, diſappointed, vn-aneled,
No reckning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, O horrible, moſt horrible.
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not,

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſomeuer thou purſues this act,
Taint not thy minde, nor let thy ſoule contriue
Againſt thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to thoſe thornes that in her boſome lodge
To pricke and ſting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme ſhewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoſt of heauen! O earth! what elſe,
And ſhall I coupple hell, O fie! hold, my heart,
And you my ſinnowes; grow not inſtant old,
But beare me ſwiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghoſt whiles memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All ſawe of bookes, all formes, all preſſures paſt
That youth and obſeruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone ſhall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baſer matter, yes by heauen.
O moſt prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, ſmiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I ſet it downe
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villaine.
At leaſt I am ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue ſworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hora. Heauens ſecure him.
Ham. So be it.
Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Mar.

Mar. How i'ſt my noble Lord?
Hora. O, wonderfull!
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No, you will reueale it.
Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.
Mar. Nor I my Lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be ſecret.
Both. I by heauen.
Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hora. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands and part,
You, as your buſineſſe and deſire ſhall point you,
For euery man hath buſineſſe and deſire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Hora. Theſe are but wilde and whurling words my Lord
Ham. I am ſorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Hora. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this viſion heere,
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you,
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maiſter't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, ſchollers, and ſouldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hora. What i'ſt my Lord, we will.
Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue ſeene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Ham. Nay but ſwear't.
Hora. In faith my Lord not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham. Vppon my ſword.
Mar. Wee haue ſworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed vppon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt cryes vnder the Stage.

Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo, art thou there true penny?
Come on, you heare this fellow in the Sellerige,
Conſent to ſweare.
Hora. Propoſe the oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene,
Sweare by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Sweare,
Ham hic, & vbique, then weele ſhift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Sweare by my ſword
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard.
Ghoſt. Sweare by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, canſt worke it'h earth ſo faſt,
A worthy Pioner once more remooue good friends.
Hora. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome,
There are more thinges in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your Philoſophy: but come
Heere as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odde ſo mere I beare my ſelfe,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall thinke meet,
To put an Antike diſpoſition on
That you at ſuch times ſeeing mee, neuer ſhall
With armes incombred thus, or this head ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull phraſe,
As, well, well wee know, or wee could and if wee would,
Or if wee liſt to ſpeake, or there be and if they might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of mee, this do ſweare,
So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed ſpirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,

And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and frending to you
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt. O curſed ſpight!
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.*

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and theſe two notes *Reynaldo.*
Rey. I will my Lord.
Pol. You ſhall doe maruelous wiſely good *Reynaldo,*
Before you viſite him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.
Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Mary well ſaid, very well ſaid; looke you ſir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompaſment and drift of queſtion
That they doe know my ſonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo?*
Rey. I, very well my Lord.
Pol, And in part him, but you may ſay, not well,
But y'ſt be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Addicted ſo and ſo, and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe, marry none ſo ranck
As may diſhonour him, take heed of that,
But ſir ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and libertie.
Rey. As gaming my Lord.
Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe ſo farre.
Rey. My Lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Fayth as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.

You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults ſo quently
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty,
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A ſauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall aſſault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefor ſhould you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry ſir, heer's my drift,
And I beleeue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſonne
As t'were a thing a little ſoyld with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerſe, him you would ſound
Hauing euer ſeene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this coſequence,
Good ſir, (or ſo,) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phraſe, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then ſir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to ſay?
By the maſſe I was about to ſay ſomething,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At cloſes in the conſequence.

Pol. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes thus, I know the Gentleman
I ſaw him yeſterday, or th'other day.
Or then, or then, with ſuch or ſuch, and as you ſay,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowſe,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I ſaw him enter ſuch or ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or ſo foorth, ſee you now,
Your bait of falſhood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wiſdome, and of reach,
With windleſſes: and with aſſa es of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduiſe

Shall

Shall you my ſonne;you haue me,haue you not?

Rey. My Lord,*I* haue.

Pol. God buy yee,far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.

Rey. I ſhall my Lord,

Pol. And let him ply his muſique.

Rey. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polo. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*,whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord,my Lord,I haue beene ſo affrighted,

Polo. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord,as I was ſowing in my cloſſet,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head,his ſtockins fouled,
Vngartred,and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his ſhirt,his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pittious in purport
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors,he comes before me.

Polo. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Polo. What ſaid he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt,and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it;long ſtayd he ſo,
At laſt,a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo pittious and profound,
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being ; that done,he lets me go,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe seeke the King.
This is the very extacy of loue,
Whose violent property forgoes it selfe,
And leads the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes affl & our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters: and denied
His accesse to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke thee, but beshrow my Ielousie:
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne*,
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hasty sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him,
So much from the'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannnot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of so young daies brought vp with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and hau r,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather

So

So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnkowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lies within our remedy.

Quee. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whome he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receiue such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Ros. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to intreaty.

Guyl. But we both obey,
And here giue vp our selues in the full bent,
To lay our seruice freely at your feete

King. Thankes *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*,

Quee. Thankes *Guyldensterne*, and gentle *Roscencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne: goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyl. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Quee. I Amen. *Exeunt Ros and Guyld.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord,
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast beene the father of good newes.

Pol. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soule.
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacy,

King. O speake of that, that do I long to heare.

Polo, Giue firſt admittance to th'embaſſadors,
My newes ſhall be the frute to that great feaſt,
King. Thy ſelfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my decree: *Gertrud* he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſonnes diſtemper.
Quee. I doubt it is no other but the maine,
His fathers death, and our haſty marriage.

Enter Embaſſadors.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Volte. Moſt faire returne of greetings and deſires;
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainſt the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſſe, whereat greeu'd
That ſo his ſickneſſe, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortenbraſſe*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſty:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
Giues him threeſcore thouſand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commiſſion to imploy thoſe ſouldiers,
So leuied (as before) againſt the *Pollacke*,
With an entreaty herein further thone,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your dominions for this enterpriſe
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance
As therein are ſet downe.
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more conſidered time, wee'le read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this buſines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your reſt, at night weele feaſt together,
Moſt welcome home, *Exeunt Embaſſadors.*
Pol. This buſines is well ended,

My

My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiesty should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time,
Therefore breuity is the soule of wit,
And tedioufnes the limmes and outward floriſhes:
I will be breefe your noble ſonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What iſt but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that goe.

Quee. More matter with leſſe art.

Pol. Maddam, I ſweare I vſe no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis, tis true, a fooliſh figure,
But farewell it, for I will vſe no art,
Mad let vs grant him then, and now remaines
That wee find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay the cauſe of this defect
For this effect defectiue comes by cauſe:
Thus it remaines and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while ſhe is mine,
Who in her duety and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and ſurmiſe,

To the Celeſtiall and my ſoules Idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia, *that's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe, beautified is a vile phraſe, but you ſhall heare: thus in her excellent white boſome, theſe &c.*

Quee. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Maddam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull,

Doubt thou the ſtarres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moone,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.

O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at theſe numbers, I haue not art to reckon my groanes, but that I loue thee beſt, Oh moſt beſt beleeue it! adew. Thine euermore moſt deare Lady, whilſt this machine is to him.

Pol. This in obedience hath my daughter ſhown me, (*Hamlet.*
And more about hath his ſolicitings

As

As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing?
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my Daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deare Maiesty your Queene heere thinke,
If I had plaid the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my heart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong Mistriſſe thus I did bespeake,
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy starre,
This must not bee: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receiue no tokens.
Which done she tooke the fruites of my aduise,
And he repel'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakenesse,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues,
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Quee. It may bee very like.

Pol. Hath there beene such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positiuely said, tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade mee, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may wee try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes hee walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Quee.

Quee. Soe he does indeede,

Pol. At such a time; ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, i he loue her not,
And bee not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. Wee will trye it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quee. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading

Pol. Away, I doe beseech you both away. *Exit King and Quee.*
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue,
How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Doe you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger,

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand,

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing, But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.

Pol. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truely in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord,

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slanders sir; for the satericall rogue saies here, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & plum-tree gum, & that they haue a plen-

tifull lacke of wit, together with moſt weake hams, all which ſir though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to haue it thus ſet downe, for your ſelfe ſir ſhall grow old as I am; if like a Crab you could goe backeward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?

Ham. Into my graue.

Polo. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant ſometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnes hits on, which reaſon and ſanctity could not ſo proſperouſly be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guilderſterne, and Roſencraus.*

Polo, Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polo, You goe to ſeeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ. God ſaue you ſir.

Guyl. My honor'd Lord.

Roſ. My moſt deere Lord.

Ham. My exelent good friends, how doſt thou *Guilderſterne*? A *Roſencraus*, good lads how doe you both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guyl. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhooe.

Roſ. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſt, or in the middle of her fauors.

Guyl, Faith her priuates we.

Ha. In the ſecret parts of fortune, oh moſt true, ſhe is a ſtrumpet What newes?

Roſ. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at *Elſonoure*?

Roſ. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thank you, and ſure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not ſent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, come, deale iuſtly with me, come, come, nay ſpeake.

Guy. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham.

Ham. Any thing but to th purpose; you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.

Ros. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowshippe, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with mee whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham Nay then I haue an eye of you, if you loue me hold not off.

Guyl. My Lord wee were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why so shall my anticipation preuent your discouery, and your secrecie to the King and Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes soe heauily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue ore-hanged firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appearth nothing to mee but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beauty of the world; the parragon of Annimales, and yet to mee, what is this Quintessence of dust? man delights not mee, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My Lord there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did yee laugh then, when I said man delights not me.

Ros. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainement the players shal receiue from you, wee coted them on the way, and hether are the coming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiesty shal haue tribute on mee, the aduenterous Knight shal vse his foyle and target, the louer shal not sing gratis, the humorous man shal end his part in peace and the Lady shal say her mind freely: or the blanke verse shal hault for't. What players are they?

Ros. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.

Ham. How chances it the trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Ros. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouation.

Ham. Do the hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? are they so followed?

Ros. No indeede are they not.

Ham. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke & those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece, for his Picture in little: s'bloud there is something in this more then naturall, if Philosophy could find it out. A *Florish.*

Guyl. There are the players

Ham. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands, come then th'apportenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let my extent to the players, which I tell you must showe fayrely outwards, should more appeare like entertainement then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyl. In what my deare Lord.

Ham. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I know a Hauke, from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guyldensterne*, & you too, at each eare a hearer, that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Ros. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy that he comes to tell me of the players; marke it, you say right sir a Monday morning t'was then indeed.

Pol. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord I haue newes to tell you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Pol. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz,

Pol. Vppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, Historie, Pastorall, Pastorall-Comicall, Historical-Pastorall, seeme indeuidable.

indeuidable, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot bee too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

Ham. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which hee loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha?*

Pol. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will show you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maisters, welcome all; I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young lady and Mistris, by lady your ladiship is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Faukners, flie at any thing wee see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a taste of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was caviary to the general, but it was as I receiued it & others, whose iudgments in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't *I* chiefly loued, t'was *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrhus* like Th'ircanian

Beast', tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*, The rugged *Pirrhus*, hee
whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When hee lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is hee totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and embasted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirranous and a damned light
To their Lords murther, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunckles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and
Play. Anon he finds him (good discretion.
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,
Repugnant to command; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and wind of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father falls:
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner *Pirrhus* eare, for lo his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as wee often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bould winds speechlesse, and the orbe below
As hush as death, anone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *pirrhus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out

Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In generall synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and folles from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polo. This is too long.

Ham. It shal to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's for a ligg, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Hecuba.*

Play. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,

Ham. The mobled Queene.

Polo, That's good.

Play. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bisson* rhume, a clout vpon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods,

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his collour, and has teares in's eyes prethee no more,

Ham. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone, good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honour and dignity. the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weele here a play to morrow; dost thou

here

heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Weele haue't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't: could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure*. *Exeunt Poland Players.*

Ros. Good my Lord. *Exit.*

Ham. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and peasant slaue am I?
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole function suting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*.
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,
Like *Iohn*-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life,
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Tweakes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throate
As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,
Hahs' wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall

To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould haue fatted all the region kytes
With this ſlaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſſe villaine.
Why what an Aſſe am I? this is moſt braue,
That I the ſonne of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Muſt like a whore vnpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drabbe; a ſtallion, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures ſitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the ſcene,
Beene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther though it haue no tongue will ſpeake
With moſt miraculous organ. Ile haue theſe Players
Play ſomthing like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do blench
I know my courſe. The ſpirit that I haue ſeene
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea and perhaps,
Out of my weakeneſſe and my melancholly,
As hee is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,
Abuſes mee to damne mee; Ile haue grounds
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conſcience of the King. Exit.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſencraus, Guyldenſterne, Lords

King. And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why hee puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Roſ He dooes confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe a will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guyl. Nor do wee find him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion

Of his true state.

Quee, Did he receiue you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guyl. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Quee. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Ros. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.

King. With all my heart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a futher edge
And driue his purpose into these delights.

Ros. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guyl,*

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'were by accedent, may heere
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow out selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckely iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
Ift be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Qee. I shall obey you.
And for my part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

Ophe. Maddam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia* walke you heere: gracious so please you,

We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may collour
Your lowlinesse; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The Diuell himselfe.

King, O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience?
The harlots cheeke beautied with plaistring art,
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen:

Enter Hamlet.

Pol. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them: To die to sleepe
No more: and by a sleepe, to say we end
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come?
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of office, and the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When himselfe might his *quietas* make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne

No trauailer returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,
Then flie to others that wee know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophe. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Ophe, My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer,
I pray you now receiue them.

Ham. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophe. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Oph. My Lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Ophe. What meanes your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerce
Then with honesty?

Ham. I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner transforme honesty from what it is to a baude, then the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likenesse, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Oph. Indeed my Lord you made me beleeue so.

Ham. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so euacuat our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loued you not.

Ophe.

Ophe. I was the more deceiued.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry: why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe mee of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imaginatiõ to giue them ſhape, or time to act them in: what ſhould ſuch fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen? we are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs. go thy waies to a Nunry, Wher's your father?

Ophe. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doers be ſhut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne houſe,
Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him you ſweet heauens.

Ham. If thou dooſt marry, Ile giue thee this plage for thy dowrie, be thou as chaſt as yce, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a foole, for wiſe men know well enough what monſters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly too, farwell.

Ophe. Heauenly powers reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your ſelfes another, you gig and amble, and you liſt you nickname Gods creaturs, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I ſay we will haue no mo marriage, thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhal liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Ophe. O what a noble mind is heere othrowne!
The courtiers, ſouldiers, ſchollers, eye, tongue, ſword,
Th'expectation, and Roſe of the faire ſtate,
The glaſſe of faſhion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obſeru'd of all obſeruers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched,
That ſuckt the huny of his muſickt vowes;
Now ſee what noble and moſt ſoueraigne reaſon
Like ſweet bells iangled out of time, and harſh,
That vnmatcht forme, and ſtature of blowne youth
Blaſted with extacy. O wo is me
T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene, ſee what I ſee.

Exit.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes; there's ſomething in his ſoule
Ore which his melancholy ſits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus ſet downe: he ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, ſhall expell
This ſomething ſetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines ſtill beating
Puts him thus from faſhion of himſelfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall doe well.
But yet doe I beleeue the origen and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You needе not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you pleaſe,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To ſhow his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (ſo pleaſe you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him: or confine him where
Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo,
Madnes in great ones muſt not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the ſpeech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the town-cryer ſpoke my lines, nor doe not ſaw the aire too much with your hand thus, but vſe all gently, for in the very torrent tempeſt, and as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it ſmoothneſſe, O it offends me to the ſoule, to heare a robuſtious perwig-pated fellow

tere

tere a passion to totters, to very rage, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion bee your tutor, suite the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall obseruance, that you ore-steppe not the modesty of nature: For anything so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardy off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the iudicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there bee Players that I haue seene play, and heard others prayse, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iournemen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you ready. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, *and* Rosencraus.

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presently,

Ham. Bid the Plaiers make hast. Will you two help to hasten them.

Ros. I my Lord *Exeunt those two.*

Ham. What how, Horatio. *Enter* Horatio.

Hora. Heere sweete Lord, at your seruice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham Nay

Nay, do not thinke I flatter,
For what aduancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew haſt but thy good ſpirits
To feede and cloathe thee, why ſhould the poore be flattred?
No, let the candied tongue lick obſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning, dooſt thou heare,
Since my deere ſoule was miſtris of her choyce,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election
S hath ſeald thee for her ſelfe, for thou haſt beene
As one in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Haſt tane with equall thankes; and bleſt are thoſe
Whoſe blou d and iudgement are ſo well comedled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To ſound what ſtoppe ſhee pleaſe: giue me that man
That is not paſſions ſlaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts core, I in my heart of heart
As I do thee. *S*omething too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King;
One ſcene of it comes neere the circumſtance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou ſeeſt that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy ſoule
Obſerue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it ſelfe vnkennill in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that wee haue ſeene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* ſtithy; giue him heedfull note
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after wee will both our iudgements ioyne
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord,
If a ſteale ought the whilſt this play is playing
And ſcape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Ham. They are comming to the play. I muſt be idle,

Get

Get you a place.

King. How fares our cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent yfaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersity you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so Capitall a calfe there.
Be the Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hether my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my Mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, for I'le haue a sute of sables; O heauens, die two months ago, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memory may out-liue his life halfe a yeare, but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sound. *Dumbe show followes.*

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her he takes her vp, and declines his head vppon her necke, he lies him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him: anon comes in an other man, take's off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?

Ham. Marry tis munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter prologue.*
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.

Ophe. Will a tell us what this show meant?

Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.

Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a ring?

Ophe. Tis breefe my Lord.

Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dosen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'lt, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I muſt leaue thee loue, and ſhortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou ſhalt liue in this fare world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband ſhalt thou.

Quee. O confound the reſt.
Such loue muſt needes be treaſon in my breſt,
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the ſecond, but who kild the firſt. *Ham.* That's wormwood.
The inſtances that ſecond marriage moue
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When ſecond husband kiſſes me in bed.

King. I doe beleeue you thinke what now you ſpeake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpoſe is but the ſlaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruite vnripe ſticks on the tree,
But fall vnſhaken when they mellow bee.
Moſt neceſſary tis that we forget
To pay our ſelues what to our ſelues is debt,
What to our ſelues in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe,
The violence of either, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne enactures with themſelues deſtroy,
Where ioy moſt reuels, griefe doth moſt lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on ſlender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not ſtrange,
That euen our loues ſhould with our fortunes change,
For tis a queſtion left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or elſe fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,

Th e poore aduanced makes friends of enemies,
And hethertoo doth loue on fortune ten d,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemie.
But orderly to end where I begunne,
Our willes and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Quee. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from mee day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blanckes the face of ioy,
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Ham.* If she should
If once I bee a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now

King. Tis deepely sworne, sweet leaue mee heare a while,
My spirits grow dull and faine I would beguyle
The tedious day with sleepe,

Quee. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betwixt vs twane. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Maddam, how like you this play?

Quee. The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

Ham. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i th world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The Mousetrap, marry how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anone, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your maiesty and we shall haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrung. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue

If

If I could see the puppits dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt, all but* Ham. *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stroken deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir and a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turke with me, with prouinciall *Roses*, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham, A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dimantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio,* Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceaue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Vppon the talke of the poysoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, com the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique,

Enter Rosencraus, Guyldensterne,

Guyl. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole history.

Guy. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my lord, with choller,

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And start not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speake with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Ros. my Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros,

Ros. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty, if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke aduancement.

Ros. How can that be when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recouer the wind of me, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyl. O my lord if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderstand that, will you play vpon this pipe?

Guyl. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guyl. Beleeue me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guyl. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, and the thumb giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stoppes.

Guyl. But these cannot I command to any vtrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now how vnworthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon me, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellēt voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'blood do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call me what instrument you will, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord the Queene wou'd speake with you, & presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By'th masse and tis like a Camell indeede,

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Wezell.

Pol. It is black like a Wezell.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then

Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by and by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such businesse as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature! let not euer,
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome!
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words soeuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazerd so neer's as doth hourely grow,
Out of his browes.

Guyl. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feed vpon your Maiesty.

Ros. The single and peculier life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose hugh spokes, tenn thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls,

Each

Each small annexment, pety consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grownе.
King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy voiage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.
Ros. We will haste vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe
To here the professe, I'le warrant shee'le tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it sayd,
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; fare you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I know. *Exit.*
King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is rancke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my stronge entent,
And like a man to double busines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in praier but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.
My faults is past, but oh! what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne? forgiue me my foule murther;
That cannot be since I am still possest
Of those affects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

May one be pardoned and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guided hand may ſhow by iuſtice,
And oft tis ſeene the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the law, but tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence: what then, what reſts?
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched ſtate, O boſome blacke as death,
O limed ſoule, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more ingaged! helpe Angles make aſſay,
Bow ſtubborne knees, and hart with ſtrings of ſteele,
Be ſoft as ſinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo a goes to heauen,
And ſo am I reuendge, that would be ſcand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his ſole ſonne, doe this ſame villaine ſend
To heauen.
Why, this is baſe and ſilly.--------not reuendge,
A tooke my father groſely, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blowne, as fluſh as May,
And how his audit ſtands who knowes ſaue heauen,
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his ſoule,
When he is fit and ſeaſoned for his paſſage?
No,
Vp ſword, and know thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a ſleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'inceſtious pleaſure of his bed,
At game, a ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſaluation in't,

Then

Then trip him that his heele may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisicke but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polo. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prancks haue beene too broad to beare with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ile waite you, feare me not,
With-draw, I heare him comming.

Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother you haue my father much offended.

Ger. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue,

Ham. Goe goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Ger. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Ger. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Ger. Nay then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Ham, Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you.

Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe hoe.

Polo, What hoe helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Pol. O I am slaine.

Ger. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Ger O what a raſh and bloody deede is this.

Ham A bloody deede, almoſt as bad good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Ger As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'ſt to bee too buſie is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe,
If damned cuſtome haue nor braſd it ſo,
That it be proofe and bulwark againſt ſence.

Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wagge thy tongue
In noyſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls vertue hipocrit, takes of the Roſe
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And ſets a bliſter there, makes mariage vowes
As falſe as dicers oathes, Oh ſuch a deed!
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very ſoule: and ſweet religion makes
A rapſody of words; heauens face dooes glow
Ore this ſolidity and compound maſſe
With heated viſage, as againſt the doome
Is thought-ſick at the act.

Quee. Ay me what act?

Ham. That roares ſo low'de and thunders in the Index,
Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was ſeated on his browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of Ioue him-ſelfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threten and command,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kiſſing hill,
A combination and ſo rme indeede,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his ſeale
To giue the world aſſurance of a man,

This

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother: haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batton on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue
Else could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was neere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantity of choyce
To serue in such a difference. What diuell wast
That thus hath cosond you at hodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuely doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such black and greeued spots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the rancke sweat of an incestuous bed
Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to mee no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweet *Hamlet.*

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heauenly gards: what would your gratious figure?
Ger. Alasse hee's mad.
Ham. Doe youe not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'st in time and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command. O say!
Ghost. Doe not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her sighing soule!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Ger. Alasse how is't with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirrits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme,
Your beaded haire like life in excrements
Starts vp and stands an end: O gentle sonne!
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyned, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My sterne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true collour, teares perchance for blood.
Ger. To whome doe you speake this?
Ham. Doe you see nothing there?
Ger. Nothing at all, yet all that is there I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Ger. No nothing but our selues.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it ſteales away,
My father in his habit as he liue'd,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghoſt.*

Ger. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodileſſe creation, extacy is very cunning in

Ham. My pulſe as yours doth temperatly keepe time,
And makes as healthfull muſicke, it is not madneſſe
That I haue vttred, bring me to the teſt,
And the matter will reword, which madneſſe
Would gambole from. Mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your ſoule
That not your treſpaſſe but my madneſſe ſpeakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place,
Whiles rancke corruption mining all within
Infects vnſeene: confeſſe your ſelfe to heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And doe not ſpread the compoſt on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of theſe purſie times
Vertue it ſelfe of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

Ger. O *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my hart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Aſſume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monſter cuſtome, who all ſence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vſe of actions faire and good,
He likewiſe giues a frocke or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſines
To the next abſtinence, the next more eaſie:
For vſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And Maiſter the diuell, or throw him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing beg of you, for this ſame Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleaſ'd it ſo

To

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell onely to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady

Ger. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to ruell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare conceruings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

Ger. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that,

Ger. Alacke I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweepe my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the Moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete,

This man ſhall ſet me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counſayler
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life a moſt fooliſh prating knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Roſencraus and Gyldenſterne.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighes, theſe profound heaues,
You muſt tranſlate, tis fit we vnderſtand them,
Where is your ſonne?

Gert. Beſtow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I ſeene to night?

King. What *Gertrad*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gert. Mad as the ſea and wind when both contend.
Which is the mightier in his lawleſſe fit,
Behind the Arras hearing ſome thing ſtirre,
Whips out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat,
And in this brainiſh apprehenſion kills
The vnſeene good old man.

King. O heauy deed!
It had beene ſo with vs had we beene there,
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the owner of a foule diſeaſe
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gert. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madneſſe like ſome ore
Among a minerall of mettals baſe,
Showes it ſelfe pure; a weepes for what is done.

King. *Gertrad*, com away,

The Sunne no ſooner ſhall the mountaines touch,
But wee will ſhippe him hence, and this vile deede
Wee muſt with all our Maieſty and ſkill *Enter Roſ. & Guyld.*,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho *Guyldenſterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with ſome further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his mothers cloſſet hath hee drag'd him,
Goe ſeeke him out ſpeake fayre and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you haſt in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what wee meane to do
And whats vntimely done,
Whoſe whiſper ore the worlds Diameter
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Tranſports his poyſned ſhot, may miſſe our name,
And hit the woundleſſe ayre, O come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *Roſencraus and others.*

Ham. Safely ſtowd, but ſoftly, what noyſe, who calls on *Hamlet?* O heere they come.

Roſ. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt whereto it is kin.

Roſ. Tell vs where tis that wee may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſ. Beleeue what?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſaile and not mine owne, beſides to be demaunded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſonne of a King.

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings countenance, his rewards, his authorities, but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needs what you haue gleand, it is but ſqueeſing you, and ſpunge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſ. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it, a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſ. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Hamlet

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyl. A thing my Lord.

Ham. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body,
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate applyance are relieu'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

Kidg. Bring him before vs.

Ros. Hoe, bring in the Lord. *They Enter.*

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper where.

Ham. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuocation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your only Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable seruice, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alasse, alasse.

Ham. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progresse

through the guttes of a begger.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger find him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vppe the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there

Ham. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for thine especiall safety
Which wee do tender, as wee deerely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'assotiats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them, but come for England. Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy louing father *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
Come for *England,* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abourd,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on the affaire, pray you make hast,
And *England* if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red,
After the Danish sword, and thy freee awe
Payes homage to vs, thou maist not coldly set
Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
For like the Hectique in my blood hee rages,

And thou must cure me till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere beginne. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Armie ouer the Stage.

Fortin. Goe Captaine, from mee greet the Danish King,
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conueyance of a promis'd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the rendezuous,
If that his maiesty would ought with vs,
Wee shall expresse our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't my Lord.

Fortin. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. The are of *Norway* sir.

Ham. How proposd sir I pray you?

Cap. Aainst some part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commands them sir?

Cap. The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortinbrasse.*

Ham. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir?
Or for some frontire?

Cap. Truely to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it?
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it bee sould in fee.

Ham. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.

Cap. Yes it is already garrisond.

Ham. Two thousand soules and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes and shewes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.

Cap. God buy you sir.

Ros. Wil't please you goe my Lord?

Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions do informe against me,

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capability and God-like reason
To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be
Bestiall obliuion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdome,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the inuisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnsure,
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staind,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, *and a Gentleman.*

Quee. I will not speake with her,
Gen. She is importunat,
Indeed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes shee heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeeding mindes,
Let her come in

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse iealosie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmarke?

Quee. How now *Ophelia.* *She sings.*

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke heere my Lord.

Ophe Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord wee know what wee are, but know not what we may be, God be at your table

King.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, and dond his cloſe, and dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alacke and fie for ſhame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me, you promiſd me to wed,
(He anſwers) So ſhould I a done by yonder ſunne
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Laides' God night, God night.

King. Follow her cloſe, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyſon of deepe griefe, it ſprings all from her Fathers death, and now behold, O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When ſorrowes come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalians: firſt her Father ſlaine,
Next, your ſonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholeſome in thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herſelfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beaſts,
Laſt, and as much contayning as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himſelfe in clowdes,

And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his fathers death,
Wherein neceſſity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraigne
In eare and eare: O my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring-peece in many places
Giues me ſuperfluous death. *A noyſe within.*

Enter a meſſenger.

King. Attend, where are my Swiſſers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?

Meſſen. Saue your ſelfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his liſt.
Eates not the flats with more impetuous haſt
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry chooſe we, *Laertes* ſhall be King,
Caps, hands and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be King, *Laertes* King.

Que. How cheerefully on the falſe traile they cry. *A noiſe within.*
O this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? ſirs ſtand you all without.

All. No lets come in.

Laer. I pray you giue mee leaue.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore, O thou vile *King*,
Giue me my father.

Que. Calmely good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood thats calme proclaimes me Baſtard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaſt vnſmerched browe
Of my true mother.

King What is the cauſe *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes ſo Giant-like?

Let him goe *Gertrard*, do not feare our person,
There's such diuinity doth hedge a King,
That treason cannot peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe *Gertrard*,
Speake man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Quee. But not by him.

King. Let him demaund his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest diuell,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I le be reuengd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes Ile husband them so well,
The shall goe farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, i'st writ in your reuenge,
That soope-stake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendering Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speake
Like a good child and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencible in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day doues to your eye. *A noyse within.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. Let her come in.
How now what noyse is that?

O heate, dry vp my braines, tear es ſeauen times ſalt,
Burne out the ſence and vertue of mine eye.
By heauen thy madnes ſhall be payd with weight
Till our ſcale turne the beame. O Roſe of May,
Deere mayd, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, iſt poſſible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life!

Ophe. They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beere, Song.
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and did'ſt perſwade reuenge
It could not moone thus.

Ophe. You muſt ſing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the falſe Steward that ſtole his Maiſters daughter,

Laer. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophe. There's Roſemary, that for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophe. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for you, & heere's ſome for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Daſie, I would giue you ſome Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed, they ſay a made a good end.
For bonny ſweet Robin is all my ioy.

Lear. Thought and afflictions, paſſion, hell it ſelfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettineſſe.

Ophe. And will a not come againe, Song.
And will a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
God a mercy on his ſoule, and all Chriſtians ſoules,
God buy yous.

Laer. Doe you this O God.

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your griefe,
Or you deney me right, goe but a part,

Make choice of whome your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kindome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in ſatisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His meanes of death, his obſcure funerall,
No trophæ, ſword, nor hachment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

Kin. So you ſhall,
And where th'Offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Gen. Sea-faring men ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hora. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet*. *Enter Saylers*

Say. God bleſſe you ſir.

Hora. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. A ſhall ſir and pleaſe him, there's a Letter for you ſir, it came from th'Embaſſador that was bound for England, if your name bee *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. *Horatio*, when thou ſhalt haue ouer-look't this giue theſe fellowes ſome meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chaſe, finding our ſelues too ſlow of ſaile, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the inſtant they got cleere of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner, they haue dealt with me like theeues of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repayre thou to mee with as much ſpeed as thou would'ſt fly death. I haue words to ſpeake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are

they

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guilderſterne* hold their course for England, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knoweſt thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whome you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Lar. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safety, greatnes, wisdome, all things els,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so conclude to my life and soule,
That as the starre moues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymbered for so loued armes,
Would haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperat termes,
VVhose worth, if prayses may go backe againe

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messe. These to your Maiesty, this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Messe. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them: leaue vs.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdome, to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* caracter. Naked,
And in a postscript here he saies alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my heart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how otherwise,
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned,
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes,
No more to vnder take it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my deuise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:

And

And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But euen his mother ſhall vncharge the practiſe,
And call it accedent.

Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuiſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of ſince your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine, your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch enuy from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the vnworthieſt ſiedge.

Laer. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe liuery that it weares
Then ſettled age, his ſables, and his weedes
Importing health and grauenes; two monthes ſince
Heere was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſeru'd againſt the French,
And they can well on horſe-backe, but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his ſeate,
And to ſuch wondrous doeing brought his horſe,
As had he beene incorp'ſt, and demy-natur'd
With the braue beaſt, ſo farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A Norman waſt?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Vpon my life *Lamord.*

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him, well he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confeſsion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a maiſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cryd out t'would be a ſight indeed

If one could match you; the *Scrimers* of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppoſ'd them; ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your father, deere to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrowe,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,
But that I know, loue is begunne by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time quallifies the ſparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or ſnuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes ſtill,
For goodnes growing to a plurifie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We ſhould doe when wee would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this ſhould is like a ſpend-thrifts ſigh,
That hurrs by eaſing; but to the quicke of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back what would you vndertake
To ſhow your ſelfe indeed your fathers ſonne
More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church-

King. No place indeede ſhould murther ſanctuarize,
Reuengde ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your chamber
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home,
Weele put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The french man gaue you: bring you in in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,

Will

Will not peruſe the foyles, ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword vnbated, and in a pace of practiſe,
Requite him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for the purpoſe, Ile annoynt my ſword.
I bought an vnction of a Mountibancke
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare
Collected from all ſimples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death
That is but ſcratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what conueiance both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape if this ſhould fayle,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not aſſayd. Therefore this proiect,
Should haue a backe or ſecond that might hold
If this did blaſt in proofe; ſoft let me ſee,
Wee'le make a ſolemne wager on your cunnings,
I hau't, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue preferd him
A Challice for the once, whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtucke,
Our purpoſe may hold there; but ſtay, what noyſe?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they follow; your Siſters drownd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd, O where?
Quee. There is a Willow growes aſcaunt the Brooke,
That ſhowes his hoary leaues in the glaſſy ſtreame,
There with fantaſtique garlands did ſhe make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daſies, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name,
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weeds

Clambring to hang, an enuious sluer broke,
When downe her weedy trophæs and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Mermaide-like a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse.
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be
Till that her garments heauy with their drinke,
Puld the poore wench from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then is she drownd.

Quee. Drownd, drownd.

Lar. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that fainewould blase,
But that this folly drownes it *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Othe. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clow. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Oth. Why tis found so.

Clow. It must be so offended, it cannot be else, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Oth. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clow. Giue me leaue, here lies the water, good, here stands the man,

man,good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he,nill he,he goes,marke you that,but if the water come to him,and drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death.shortens not his owne life.

Oth. But is this law?

Clow. I marry i'st,Crowners queſt law.

Oth. Will you ha the truth an't,if this had not beene a gentlewoman,she should haue bin buried out a Christian buriall.

Clow. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drown or hang themselues, more then their euen Christen : Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners,Ditchers,and Graue-makers,they hold vp Adams profession.

Oth. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. A was the first that euer bore armes.

Ile put another question to thee,if thou answerest me not to the purpose,confesse thy selfe.

Oth. Goe to.

Clow. what is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright,or the Carpenter.

Oth. the gallowes-maker, for that out-liues a thousand tennants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes dooes well, but how dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, now thou dooſt ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church,argal, the gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe,come.

Other. Who buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clow. I,tell me that and vnyoke.

Oth. Marry now I can tell.

Oth. Too't.

Clow. Masse I cannot tell.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse will not mend his pace with beating,and when you are askt this question next,say a graue-maker,the houses he makes last tell Doomesday. Goe get thee in and fetch me a soope of liquer.

In youth when I did loue did loue, Song.
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Ham Has this fellow no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Hora. Custome hath made it In him a property of easines.

Ha. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the daintier sence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*
hath clawed mee in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer beene such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere *Caines* iaw-bone, that did the first murder: this might be ỹ pate of a polliticiã, which this Asse now ore-reaches. one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow my Lord: how dost thou sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse whẽ a ment to beg it: might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the maz er with a Sextens spade; heer's fine reuolution and we had the trick to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke ont.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillities, his cases, his tenurs, & his trickes? why dooes he suffer this mad knaue now to knock him about the sconce with a durty shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery: hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The vety conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, and must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speake to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham I thinke it be thine indeede for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lye out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lye in't, yet it is mine.

Ham Thou dost lye in't to be in't and say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeares I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou bene a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of the dayes i'th yeare I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortinbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: he that is mad and sent into England.

Ham. I marry why was he sent into England?

Clow. Why because a was mad': a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doe not, tis no great matter there,

Ham. Why? (as hee.

Clow. Twill not be seene in him there, there the are men as mad

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say,

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue beene Sexton heere man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corſes, that will ſcarce hold the laying in, a will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeare,

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body, heer's a ſcull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeares.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clow. A whorſon mad fellowes it was, whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Reniſh on my head once; this ſame skull ſir, was ſir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings leſter.

Ham. This?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ieſt, of moſt excelent fancy, hee hath bore me on his backe a thouſand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lyppes that I haue kiſt I know not how oft: where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your ſongs, your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this faſhion i'th earth?

Hora. Een ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo: pah.

Hora. Een ſo my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, till a find it ſtopping a bunghole?

Hora. Twere to conſider too curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modeſty enough, and likelihood to leade it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt, the duſt is earth, of earth wee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might

they

They not ſtoppe a Beare-bartell?
Imperious *Cæſar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might ſtoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter King*
The Queene, the courtiers, who is this they follow? *Quee. Laertes*
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken, *and the corſe.*
The corſe they follow, did with deſprat hand
Foredoo it owne life, t'was of ſome eſtate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What Ceremony elſe?

Doct. Her obſequies haue beene as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warranty, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command ore-ſwayes the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified beene lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles ſhould be throwne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone.
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing a Requiem and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſoules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh
May Violets ſpring: I tell thee churliſh Prieſt,
A miniſtring Angell ſhall my ſiſter be
When thou lyeſt howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia.*

Quee. Sweets to the ſweet, farewell,
I hop't thou ſhould'ſt haue beene my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt ſweet maide,
And not haue ſtrew'd thy graue.

Laer. O trebble woe

Fall

Fall tenne times double on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deede thy moſt ingenious ſence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your duſt vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyeſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whoſe griefe
Beares ſuch an *Emphaſis*, whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Coniures the wandring ſtarres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder wounded hearers? tis I
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Diuell take thy ſoule,

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well, I prethee take thy fingers
For though I am not ſpleenatiue raſh, (from my throat,
Yet haue I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſedome feare; hold off thy hand?

King. Plucke them a ſunder.

Quee. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Quee. O my ſonne, what theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*: forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of loue
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For loue of God forbeare him?

Ham. S'wounds ſhew me what th'out doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't faſt, woo't teare thy ſelfe,
Woo't drinke vp Eſill, eate a Crocadile
Ile doo't: dooſt come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone

Make

Make Oſſa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is meere madneſſe,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doe
When that her golden cuplets are diſcloſed
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you ſir,
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, a dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet,*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Weele put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrard* ſet ſome watch ouer your ſonne,
This graue ſhall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby ſhall we ſee
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this ſir, now ſhall you ſee the other,
You doe remember all the circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord.

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me ſleepe, me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the bilbo's, raſhly,
And prayſd be raſhnes for it: let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that ſhould learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

Hora. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin,
My ſea-gowne ſcarſt about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my deſire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold

My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commiſſion; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſons,
Importing Denmarkes health, and Englands too,
With hoe ſuch bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the ſuperuiſe no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtrooke off.

Hora. I'ſt poſſible?

Ham. Heeres the commiſſion, read it at more leaſure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Hora. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play, I ſat me downe,
Deuiſd a new commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts doe
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but ſir now
It did me yemans ſeruice, wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hora. I good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might floriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland weare
And ſtand a *Comma* tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like, as ſir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further more or leſſe,
He ſhould thoſe bearers put to ſuddaine death,
Not ſhriuing time alow'd.

Hora. How was this ſeald?

Ham. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers ſignet in my purſe
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeale,
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th'impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,

The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Hora. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

Ham. They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe and fell incenced poynts
Of mighty opposits.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Dooest it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
Hee that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene the election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cosmage, i'st not perfect conscience?

Enter a Courtier.

Cour. Your Lordshippe is right welcome backe to Denmarke,

Ham. I humbly thanke you sir.
Doo'st know this water-fly?

Hora. No my good Lord,

Ham. Thy state is the more gratious, for tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.

Cour. Sweet Lord, if your Lordshippe were at Leasure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.

Ham. I will receiue it sir with all dilligence of spirrit, your bonnet to his right vse, tis for the head.

Cour. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No beleeue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Cour. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed,

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very soultry and hot, or my complexion.

Cour. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultry, as t'were I cannot tell how: my Lord his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Cou Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly come to court *Laertes*, beleeue me an absolute gentlemã, full of most

excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake feelingly of him, he is the card or kalender of Gentry: for you shall finde in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to devide him inuentorially, would dizzie th'arithmeticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareneſſe, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more.

Cour. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do wee wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Cour. Sir.

Hora. Is not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

Cour. Of *Laertes*.

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir.

Cour. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in fayth if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Cour. You are ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is

Ham. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himselfe.

Cour. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Cour. Rapiar and Digger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Cour. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses against the which he has impaund as I take it six french Rapiers and Poynards, with their aſsignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the cariages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most dilicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

done.

Cour. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more German to the matter if wee could carry a Cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then, but on, six Barbary horses against six french swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Cour. The King sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate tryall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Ham. How if I answere no?

Cour. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in tryall.

Ham. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, If it please his Maiesty, it is the breathing time of day with mee, let the foyles be brought, the Gentleman willinge, and the Kinge hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Cour. Shall I deliuer you so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will.

Cour. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Ham. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Hora. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Ham A did so sir with his dugge before a sucke it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, onely got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of misty collection, which carryes them through and through the most prophane and trennowned opinions, and doe but blowe them to their tryall, the bubbles are out

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiesty commended him to you by younge *Ostricke*, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, hee sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, prouided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queene and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you goe to play.

Ham. Shee well instructs me,

Hora. You will loose my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since hee went into France, I haue bin in continuall practise, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of game-giuing, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obay it. I will forestall their repaire hether and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it bee not to come, it will be now, if it bee not now, yet it will come, the readines is all, since no man of ought hee leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let bee.

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and Officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state Foiles, Daggers, and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punisht
With a sore distraction: what I haue done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake I heere proclaime was madnes,
Was't *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, doo's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* doo's it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnes. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enemie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house

And

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngor'd: but all that time
I doe receiue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.

Laer. You mocke me sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cosin *Ham.*
You know the wager,

Ham. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layde the ods a'th weaker side.

King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.

Laer. This is to heauy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

Ostr. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon the table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onixe shall he throw,
Richer then that which foure succeſſiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannons to the heauens, the heauens to earth,

Now

Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets*
And you the iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Iudgement.

Ostr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, againe. *Florish, a peece goes off.*

King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health, giue him the cup.

Ham: Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. I doe confest.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Quee. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowses to thy fortune *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good Madam.

King. Gertrard, doe not drinke.

Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.

Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience,

Ham. Com for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so come on.

Ostr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Haue at you now.

King. Part them, they are incenst.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Ostr. Looke to the Queene there hoe.

Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?

Ostr. How is't *Laeres*?

Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne springe. *Ostrick*

I am iuſtly kild with mine owne treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. She ſounds to ſee them bleed.

Quee. No no, the drink, the drinke, O my deare *Hamlet*!
The drinke, the drinke, I am poyſned.

Ham. O villanie! hoe let the dore be lock't,
Treachery, ſeeke it out.

Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art ſlaine,
No medcin in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous inſtrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me, loe here I lye
Neuer to riſe againe: thy mother's poyſned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame.

Ham. The point enuenom'd too, then venom to thy worke.

All. Treaſon, treaſon.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou inceſtious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

Laer. He is iuſtly ſerued, it is a poyſon temperd by himſefe.
Exchange forgiuenes with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time as this fell Sergeant Death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt. O I could tell you!
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liueſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the vnſatisfied.

Hora. Neuer beleeue it;
I am more an antike Romane then a Dane,
Heere's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things ſtanding thus vnknowne, ſhall I leaue behind me?
If thou did it euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my ſtory: what warlike noiſe is this? *A march a farre off.*

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbraſſe* with conqueſt come from Poland,
Th'th'embaſſadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyſon quite ore-growes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I do propheſie the election lights
On *Fortinbraſſe*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th'occurants more and leſſe
Which haue ſolicited, the reſt is ſilence.

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night ſweet Prince,
And flights of Angels ſinge thee to thy reſt.
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbraſſe, with the Embaſſadors.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?

Hora. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloudily haſt ſtrooke?

Embaſ. The ſight is diſmall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are ſenceleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,
That *Roſencraus* and *Guyldenſtirne* are dead,
Where ſhould wee haue our thankes?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But ſince ſo iump vpon this bloody queſtion

You

You from the *Pollock* wartes, and you from England
Are heere arriued, giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let mee ſpeake, to th'yet vnknowing world
How theſe things came about; ſo ſhall you heare
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the inuenters heads: all this can I
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience,
For me with ſorrow I embrace my fortune,
I haue ſome rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to claime my vantage doth inuite me.

Hora. Of that I ſhall haue alſo cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth, whoſe voyce will draw no more,
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, leaſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a ſouldier to the ſtage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued moſt royall; and for his paſſage,
The ſouldiers muſique and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, ſuch a ſight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere ſhowes much amiſſe.
Goe bid the ſouldiers ſhoote. *exeunt.*

FINIS.